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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS —
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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No.

6

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Price

10

Cents



PURPLE CROSS SERVICE MEMORIAL, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA (See page 85)

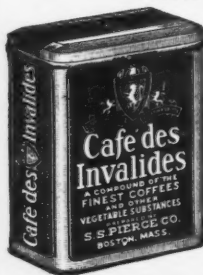
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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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No. 6

WHAT a commentary on man's conception of God for centuries were the altars red with the blood of animals slain to appease Him!

HOW many of the millions of cattle, sheep, and swine killed year by year for men to eat would be killed if those who eat them had to watch the stricken victims slowly bleed to death?

THE Rodeo reformed—as some advocate—would be about as popular with the class of people who patronize it as a moving picture of a cattle show at a county fair. Take out its cruelties and it is done for.

IT would be a source of great satisfaction if we could always please all our generous friends and contributors—if we could do all the things they think the law permits us to do, and stop at once all the cruelties that distress them. The anonymous critics who never offer anything but criticism cause us no anxiety.

THE liner President Garfield, according to her captain, R. B. Lowrie, was stopped in mid ocean to rescue a Siamese kitten discovered afloat on a hatch cover. It was taken aboard and adopted by the crew. To stop a great ship, lower a boat and wait for a rescue costs a generous sum of money. We take off our hats to Captain Lowrie.

THE Information Bulletin of the League of Red Cross Societies says:

"The Misses Daveis presented a sum of 3,000 francs to be devoted to the encouragement amongst Junior Red Cross members of interest in the welfare of birds and animals by means of interschool correspondence."

The Misses Daveis, of Portland, Maine, have traveled much abroad and are deeply interested in humane education. Our Society has co-operated with them in many ways.

IF rats, mice, vermin of any kind, even insect pests must be killed, no really humane person will kill them in a way to cause any unnecessary suffering.

A GREAT MOMENT

WE cannot help believing that it was a great moment in the history of Europe, if not of the world, when France and Germany, through their distinguished spokesmen, Briand and Stresemann, pledged themselves to work together for peace. When, before the representatives of 50 nations, with the long history behind them of the wars they had waged against each other, they affirmed their resolve to make war no more—was there ever a scene in the centuries-old drama of Europe more significant or memorable?

"Away with rifles, machine guns and cannon! Make way for peace and conciliation!" exclaimed M. Briand. "Today it is finished between us—no more war, no more seeking brutal, bloody solutions, the time has come for understanding and peaceful arbitration!"

"The German government," said Dr. Stresemann, "will unswervingly follow the ideas of settlement of disputes by arbitration as given birth at Locarno and seek international good will and peace. He will serve humanity best who develops his moral and intellectual gifts to the highest significance, thus overstepping his own national boundaries and serving the whole of mankind."

No wonder "men and women all over the hall wiped tears from their eyes," says one present. "No one who witnessed that scene can ever forget it."

Yes, we remember Wordsworth's lines:

"Earth is sick,
And Heaven weary, of the hollow words
Which states and kingdoms utter when they talk
Of truth and justice."

But have states and kingdoms learned nothing since those lines were written? We cannot believe it. We are not of those who would hold that these two men spoke otherwise than with the utmost sincerity and with the profoundest regard for the national honor of the peoples they represented.

THE Cape of Good Hope S. P. C. A. in South Africa conducted an essay competition this year in which 2,581 essays were received from thirty-five schools. There were 271 prizes awarded. In these schools 2,355 new members were enrolled in the Band of Mercy.

ROYALTY AND THE RODEO

LEARNING that Her Majesty, the Queen of Roumania, soon to visit this country, had expressed a desire to be present at a Rodeo, and feeling quite sure that, as an Englishwoman, she would not want to lend her influence to any exhibition of cruelty, we ventured to send the following letter to the Roumanian Minister at Washington:

September 21, 1926

His Highness Prince A. Bibesco
Minister to the United States from Roumania
Washington, District of Columbia
Sir,

May I call the attention of your Highness to a matter that is deeply interesting more than five hundred humane organizations of the United States. Notice has appeared in the columns of the American press that Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania, about to visit this country, has expressed her desire to see what is known, particularly in our western States, as a Rodeo.

The cruelties connected with these Wild West exhibitions have been so flagrant and so demoralizing in their influence upon the young that our national organization, the American Humane Association, together with the state and local organizations, has been for years endeavoring by all legitimate methods to suppress them. Those thoroughly familiar with the facts know that these Rodeos are not true representations of the life of the cowboy of the plains, that they are exaggerated misrepresentations, and have introduced spectacular displays of mere brute force to furnish what in common parlance are called "thrills" for the multitude. Horns have been broken from steers, bones have been broken, and injuries have resulted which have made necessary the death of many of these unfortunate animals.

Her Majesty's presence at one of these exhibitions would be a great advertisement for a form of so-called sport approaching in its character the nature of a bull-fight; Her Majesty's refusal to witness one of these exhibitions would go far to sustain the action of the humane societies of this country in their effort to render unpopular such degrading amusements.

You will recall the experience of the English at Wembley, where one of these Rodeos received such criticism from the great mass of the intelligent and cultivated people of that country as led to the determination on the part of those in authority that the experience would never be repeated.

A great favor will be conferred upon the organizations which I am representing if Your Highness would do us the honor to call the attention of Her Majesty to what I have written.

I am, with high regard,

Respectfully yours,
FRANCIS H. ROWLEY,
President

THE headquarters of the French Jack London Club we learn are at 14 rue Fromentin, Paris. After a recent Fête held in one of the theaters, many new members were received.

A NEWS item says that a whip concern in Westfield, Mass., long noted as the "Whip Town," is making a lash eighty-one feet long for a trainer in a circus who is now using one measuring fifty feet. Ponder that when admiring the intelligence of beautifully groomed horses in the next animal act you see.

—*Christian Science Monitor*

THE "No Furs League" has called forth many expressions of approval and not a few applications for membership from widely-scattered points. A list of twenty-seven names has been recently received from Seattle, Wash. This is the sole requirement for joining the League: "From henceforth, as a protest against cruelty involved in the capture of fur-bearing animals by the steel-trap, *I will wear no furs.*" If you favor this proposition, send name to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston.

TRAINED ANIMALS DIE IN FIRE

THE explosion of stills secreted on the top floors of a New York warehouse converted the place into a roaring furnace in a few seconds' time. Several hundred lives were snuffed out in the holocaust. They were innocent, helpless, unprotected victims, dogs, cats, monkeys, kangaroo, birds, and other kinds, housed there because no other place was accessible for them. They were trained animals that had been traveled around the vaudeville circuit, to fairs and circuses, and represented, it was claimed, the best brains of the animal kingdom. What they went through to attain their proficiency only a few know. Their owners and those who lived off the animals' earnings were well-nigh distracted, also bankrupted, by the loss of their valuable partners. Great as were their lamentations and losses, one's sympathies are not alone for the human. The creatures of flesh and blood were sacrificed through the carelessness of their human masters; to an indifference to only reasonable protection and safeguarding against great danger. And who can say that they have not escaped from a life of unhappiness and even prolonged suffering?

Join the Jack London Club

The vicious and cruel exploitation of animals can be boycotted from the public stage.

Send your name for enrolment to *Our Dumb Animals*.

Restraining the Rodeo

Lack of Law Enforcement Must Be Overcome



JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY WILL SOONER OR LATER EXCLUDE "BULLDOGGING" AND OTHER RODEO CRUELITIES FROM PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS

THE fact seems to have been conclusively established that only the accredited agents and representatives of the Humane Societies can be relied upon to stop the cruelties brazenly and publicly perpetrated at most of the western rodeos. Laws are not lacking in any of the states to prevent or punish those who promote or commit such acts of cruelty to animals as constantly occur at these wild, and for the most part, disgraceful spectacles. Local police authority is quite generally indifferent or impotent. Law enforcement in connection with rodeo performances was never popular; it can still be accounted a "dead letter" wherever the rodeo is permitted.

Some recent experiences of a representative of the American Humane Education Society, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, in the State of Washington significantly portray conditions confronting one who, with such co-operation as can be secured from any source, dares intervention and invokes the law's restraining hand against the brutalities of the rodeo.

With what success she met may be drawn from the following accounts:

I have advised of the restrictions I requested to be put upon the Miller 101 Ranch Wild West Show, for its stand in Tacoma. I attended the show to make sure my restrictions, according to law, and which were concurred in by the Mayor, were not violated. I took with me our local Humane Officer and a woman member of the Humane Society. When the show was two-thirds over, the rodeo features were announced. Our officer told the manager these features would not be permitted. The reply was, "Stop us if you can." . . . I told the manager *he could not* put on the rodeo features. I refused to argue with him and informed him I would go to the Mayor's office. I asked the other two workers to stay and watch the situation for me. Before I was off the grounds I saw the Rough Riders on horseback, leading the bucking bronchos into the arena. They were lined up in mass formation before the grand stand and then the official announcer for the show let loose a passionate diatribe against me and the regulations I had stood for. He succeeded in arousing the motley throng to such a pitch of resentment that at his suggestion the mob element in the crowd shouted, "Put

her out" and other things of a similar riotous nature. "This is the first time in the history of the Miller's Brothers show that we have been interfered with, and now this woman is preventing us from giving you our whole program," said the announcer. He had entirely ignored the agreement they had made.

My visit to the Mayor's office was highly satisfactory. Mayor Tennent told me I would not have to be the one to make these fellows live up to their agreement at the evening show, that he would go down there in person and tell them what they could not do. He made good his word and his secretary reported to me that the Mayor read the "riot act" to the effect that no group of men could come into this city and publicly denounce a woman. He told them how *cheap* they were, and compelled them to abide by their agreement.

At the Sumas rodeo, Whatcomb County, Attorney R. W. Greene, who is President of the Humane Society of that county, accompanied me. The show presented the usual spectacle of brutalities somewhat modified by the presence of Mr. Greene and myself on the grounds. It took many hours for me to drive from my mind hearing the pitiful cries of the half-grown calves in the roping contest. The one impression, however, before which every other was dimmed, was the sea of little children's faces looking out upon this orgy of cruelty.

Could one have closed his eyes to the scenes in the arena he might easily have persuaded himself that he was at a Sabbath School picnic. At least 45 per cent of that crowd of 12,000 souls were children of tender years. Young girls were acting as ushers in this bedlam of lawlessness. Mr. Greene jumped right into the arena and used his utmost efforts to keep down the cruelty and went back the next day to see the finish, and he is now out for *law enforcement*.

When the program of the Ellensburg rodeo came out it included the usual obnoxious features, excepting steer-roping. I had my attorney notify the president of the rodeo that we would be up to interview him. When we arrived at Ellensburg we were informed that the Committee had held a meeting the day before and had decided to cut from their

(Continued on page 86)

A HUNTER AND HIS CRITIC

Theodore Roosevelt and a Teacher of Biology

IN a letter to us Mr. Henry Flury, Biology Instructor in the Eastern High School, Washington, D. C., quotes from an article in the September issue of the *Cosmopolitan*, written by Theodore Roosevelt, on his hunting of the Ovis Poli, a sheep, said by Mr. Flury, nearing extinction, the following paragraphs:

"Through the field glasses and telescopes we could see them (the sheep) plainly. They were very handsome as they stepped delicately along, now stooping to nibble a tuft of grass, now halting to glance around and sniff the wind.

"After watching carefully for about twenty minutes we made sure that the rams were not where we had last seen them. Suddenly the fog began to thin, and we saw the sheep diagonally opposite us in the Russian Pamirs. Running as hard as we could over the snow we came to a point which would give us a clear view of them when they passed. Suddenly the sheep came into view behind a huge buttress of rock. They were in single file, the big rams leading. They were about twenty-five yards away, going at a plunging canter through the branches. Their great spiral horns flared out magnificently, their heads were held high.

"We began firing at once at the two leaders. First one then the other staggered and lost his place in line. Though hard hit, they pulled themselves together, joined the herd, and all disappeared over a nearby ridge.

"Working our way down the valley, we found our yaks, so frosted with snow that they looked like animated birthday cakes. The two native hunters with them had seen the rams cross the ridge and were confident that they were mortally wounded.

"The next morning we found them but the wolves had completely destroyed the body skins, which made the rams of little value for exhibition purposes in the museum. The horns of one measured fifty-one and a half inches and the other forty-nine and a half.

"The herd was composed of young males and females. We wanted one or more of each for the museum, so we fired, killing one and hitting two others.

"Next day about noon we made out in a valley a large herd of females and near them four rams. After studying the latter our men said they had heads measuring forty inches or better.

"There was no time to lose, for the sheep had seen us and were running. Kermit started shooting at once and as I came up dropped one. A few seconds later I hit another who rolled down the slope like an enormous rabbit. We knocked over a third, but he picked himself up again and went off."

In a letter to Mr. Roosevelt Mr. Flury said:

"With your telescopes and field glasses and high-powered rifles, instruments of the highest scientific achievement, the poor sheep had no chance in the world. To say that your expedition was undertaken for scientific benefit is to make a joke of science.

"If you were really a naturalist and had the patience of a naturalist, you and your brother would have armed yourselves with cameras and note-books and would have spent your time in sketching the habits and behavior of this rare sheep. This would have added

more to the world's knowledge and would have set a better example to the youth of America."

Mr. Roosevelt's unsigned reply to Mr. Flury's letter was simply: "26th Chapter Proverbs, Verse 4."

In writing to us Mr. Flury says:

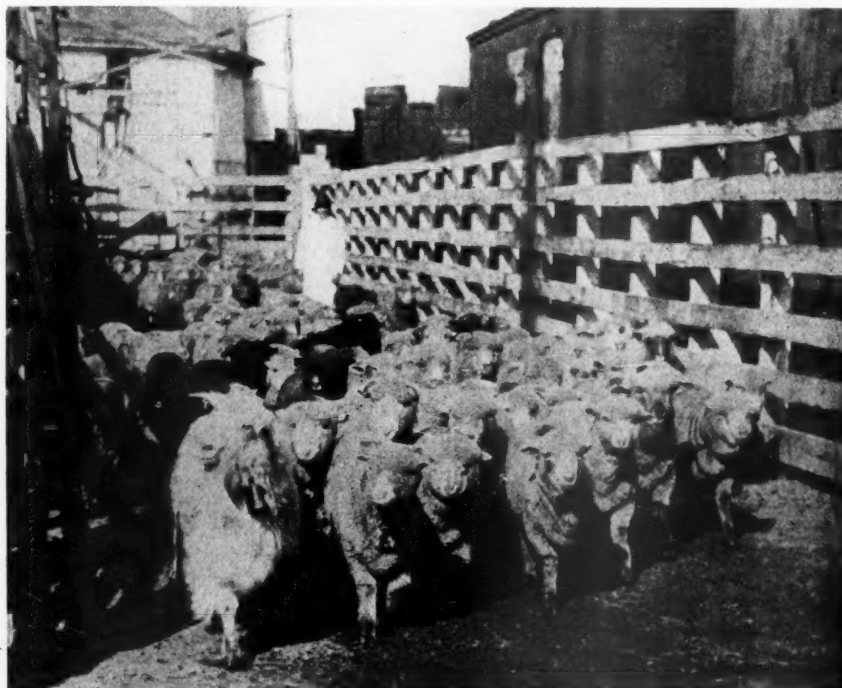
"Practically all of the biology teachers I have met in high school work try to instill a love for plant and animal life in the hearts of the pupils. The plants and animals are a part of our environment and just as we are taught to love our human neighbors, so we try to teach the youth to understand and love their interesting but speechless neighbors. It helps make life larger and better."

GEN. GRANT AND BULL-FIGHTS

IN his book, "Anecdotes of General Ulysses S. Grant," J. L. Ringwalt says: "Let it be recorded to our General's honor that when he was in Spain he never could be persuaded to be present at a bull-fight, though warned that the Spanish authorities would look with marked disfavor on any action implying condemnation of their national sport. He loved horses, he said, and he did not care to see poor dumb animals cruelly and needlessly tortured."

THE CIRCUS IN ENGLAND

THE *Animals' Friend* reports the good news that the promoters of circuses in England are complaining because of the official restrictions which surround all circuses. They say, "You've got to pay a license fee for every performing animal; you've got to register every horse and give details of every trick he does and doesn't do." Furthermore, the above magazine says, "They are not allowed to parade the towns visited and children are no longer given half holidays to see the circus arrive."



P. & A. Photo

JUDAS, THE WILY OLD RAM WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF 250,000 SHEEP Daily he leads flocks of the innocents from their pens in a Chicago packing-house to the slaughter chamber, at whose door he steps blandly aside and returns to conduct another herd of his unsuspecting victims

MEMORIAL TO WAR HORSES

IN connection with the activities of the Purple Cross Service to celebrate the first Animal Week held in Victoria, Australia, a Memorial drinking trough for horses was unveiled last May.

It is in the form of a large curved granite trough with a small dish for dogs at one end and above it a "bubbly" for drivers. A bronze tablet in the center of the upright wall bears the following verse:

*"He gains no crosses as a soldier may,
No medals for the many risks he runs,
He only in his puzzled, patient way,
'Sticks to his guns.'"*

Above this is a bronze and enamel badge of the Service, the whole being surmounted by a globe, lighted at night, on which is a purple cross.

We are indebted to the Purple Cross Service of Victoria for the photograph of the Memorial reproduced on the front cover.

Other activities of the Service during Animal Week included a distribution of gift feeds to horses working in the city. Headed by Miss Maude Harvie, members of the society distributed about 2,000 bags of chaff, oats, bran and carrots at various depots. Visits were also paid to city carriers' stands and cab ranks, distributions being made from a lorry. Each horse received a bundle of feed, while its driver was handed a leaflet containing the statement, "The Purple Cross Service gives you this feed for your horse to celebrate 'Animal week,' hoping you will treat him well. Handle horses humanely." On the lorry was a poster on which were the words "Purple Cross Service, horse festival," and the horses were decorated with the colors of the Purple Cross Service.

A DOG THAT'S LOST

CLAIRE TOWER ALLEN

*YOU may have scattered bounty
With your right hand and your left;
You may have sat beside the sick,
And wept with the bereft;
You may have cheered the weary on,
And helped some one doubt-tossed;
But have you ever found a home
For a wistful dog that's lost?*

A THANKFUL PAW

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER

MAYHAP a strange title for an animal story. Yet, not so strange to me, after much study of the so-called lower creatures of God's own making. All animals, from the tiny fluff of fur, the solitary chipmunk, to the brainy collie, who, to my mind is the best equipped mentally among animals, are strange to us who think we understand them. We have but just begun to get acquainted with dogs—though we have made them a life study from the first inception. The curious thing about dogs, all dogs at that, is that we learn something new, out of the common order, and most startlingly strange every day.

I have met dogs upon a Monday that did strange things which I never saw them do last Monday week. Little traits that escaped me whilst in my most studious research into the goings and comings of these "man's best friends!" Here follows a strange incident in dogdom life that opened my eyes to the fact that dogs do not change their moods—moods given them when they first appeared on earth. We change—dogs never! The dog never!!

"Budge" was a handsome Boston bull who thought he could lick his weight in wild cats—let alone dogs. He was what was called a "wrestler." As he weighed sixty-two pounds and every ounce of him was rubber-like in limberness, elasticity, resiliency, few dogs could cope with Budge when he wrestled them down and out. He was very gentlemanly and would scorn to tear or bite another dog. Wrestling was his forte. He was somewhat of a terror to neighborly dogs until they learned his method. I really believe that Budge made wrestlers of them, and reproved them for real "bloody nose fighting."

One day, just as I was about to step into my limousine, a fluff of a tiny Maltese poodle came from the next gateway. I picked up the little creature and held him far above Budge's jumps, for I was afraid the wrestler might harm the tiny creature. After Budge had jumped into the limousine and settled down, I released the poodle, who ran to his gateway. The little creature stood there and looked after me as long as my car was in sight. In the evening the poodle ran from his gateway, jumped upon my running board, sat upon his haunches and held up his velvet paw to me. He has done that daily for a week. And now the two dogs are friends.

There would be little fear of dogs "going mad," were they supplied with water whenever they wanted it.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

HAVE OWN BANK ACCOUNT

Oswego, N. Y., Animals Contribute to Mass. S. P. C. A. and Other Charities

IF dogs could talk in the tongue of man, there are two in Oswego, N. Y., who would give an interesting interview, writes L. E. Burdick in the *Syracuse American*. These two pets, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Boardman, 67 Schuyler Street, are "Lady," a cocker spaniel, and "Squinky," blooded airedale—both backed by a long lineage of the "blue-blood of dogdom."

These two dogs not only pay for their own licenses each year with funds from their own



MRS. BOARDMAN WITH "TIPPERARY,"
"SQUINKY" AND "LADY"

checking accounts, but also give each Christmas to the one hundred most needy humans. So far as is known, they are the only two dogs who contribute to the aid of human beings.

The two dogs and a horse, a genuine Irish hunter named "Tipperary," are the property of Mrs. Anna Parker Boardman. Today, following their annual custom, they signed their names to a check which was forwarded to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The check is signed by Mrs. Boardman as "trustee of the special fund for Tipperary, Squinky and Lady."

Lady is a marvelous spaniel, with a tempestuous career. The Boardmans took the pup in when a homeless little stray dog, cared for it tenderly because of their love for all dogs, and cared for its education. Now Lady does everything but talk.

Squinky was purchased as a pup and has a long lineage of thoroughbreds.

The two dogs and the horse have nearly \$50 in their special bank account, all saved in pennies. When any member of the Boardman family secures pennies in change, the coppers go towards the special bank account. Each year the three animals give \$1 each to the Massachusetts society; they also give to a special fund to provide free watering of

horses, and each Christmas to the one hundred most needy charity cases in New York City, chosen by a New York newspaper. In addition, they pay for their own licenses.

Each morning before breakfast the two dogs have their morning walk with either master or mistress. Then each day in the afternoon they go with Tipperary and Mrs. Boardman for a canter into the country. For several years Mr. and Mrs. Boardman have never missed a Sunday afternoon stroll with their three pets.

Every day of their lives Squinky and Lady are combed and brushed, and every week they take their regular bath. The dogs have special food and it is especially prepared on the recommendations of the best veterinarians. The dogs reflect the excellent care in their deportment and general health.

"Can dogs appreciate? Can they talk?" repeated Mrs. Boardman in answer to a question. "They certainly can. Not with voice, but with their action they show they understand. I would much rather visit with my dogs than listen to the conversation of many humans. And they are always loyal. We know they are always our friends and that what we do for them is returned to us in loyalty."

OUR RELATION TO ANIMALS

OUR relation to the animals, at least to the nobler mammals, does not form an appendix to our human morality, much less does it form a distinct branch of ethics, or an independent morality by itself. No, it is part and parcel of our human morality, and is interwoven with it and inseparable from it. Our duties towards our lower helpmates form part of our duties towards our fellow-beings. The highest "brutes" are our fellow-beings. Man can only regard himself as the advance guard, or as the commanding officer and leader of a vast army of living, sentient, and moral beings, whose natural function is to use, improve, and make the best of this wondrous and complex earth.

FREDERIC HARRISON

RESTRAINING THE RODEO

(Continued from page 84)

program the following: wild cow milking and wild horse racing; to eliminate steer-roping was decided at an earlier meeting.

It was the consensus of opinion that we won a great victory in these voluntary concessions to the law made by the committee. The president was painstakingly nice to us and iterated and reiterated that he didn't want any trouble. He was told that it would depend upon what happened as to that and also that we were not in a position to discriminate on any feature of the rodeo, as they are all a violation of law, but we were glad the committee had seen the light thus far.

The show was much modified from last year, but brutal enough to thrill the morbid spectators. Attorney Greene says these men can be sued on a felony charge of conspiracy to violate the law. This would hit them harder than the charge of cruelty. It was estimated that 25,000 people were in attendance that first day. The schools were dismissed and children made up a large percentage of the spectators. The hardening effect of these shows could easily be seen in the attitude of those children. They showed no feeling of compassion for the tortured creatures. The dangling, bleeding horn of a bulldogged steer stirred not the faintest cry of pity.

DEDICATION

ELLA FRANCIS GILBERT

MAKE me their mouthpiece, O great God,
 These silent ones that suffer in the shows,
 These sad ones in the circus and the zoo,
 And in the Wild West rodeos.

O, give me speech to tell to men, great God,
 The tale of farm-dogs freezing in the snow,
 Of homeless, famished alley-cats
 In city streets that wander to and fro.

O, help me so that I may help, great God,
 All horses, overladen and oppressed,
 And beaten when their aching limbs
 Begin to limp for lack of rest.

O, let me paint the picture true, great God,
 Of little calves that I have found
 Torn from their mothers when but one day old,
 And lying starved and trampled on the stock-
 yard ground.

O, teach me how to tell the truth, great God,
 About the steel-toothed traps in wintry woods,
 Where mangled mothers, for the price of fur,
 Lie dead among their dying broods.

They seem to look at me, great God,
 With eyes so pitiful, that plead
 With me to go and tell to men
 Their silent sorrows and their need.

Make me their mouthpiece, O great God,
 That have no speech unless men speak
 For them, these pitiful of face and form,
 That are so weary and so weak.

I dare not fail them now, great God,
 In life, or when, at last, I die,
 I know Christ from His Cross will say
 "You passed my helpless brothers by!"

DR. VAN DYKE'S EULOGY OF THE HORSE

IN his interesting book, "The Other Wiseman," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, we find this eloquent eulogy of the horse:

"How close, how intimate, is the comradeship between a man and his favorite horse on a long journey. It is a silent, comprehensive friendship, an intercourse beyond the need of words. They drink at the same wayside springs, and sleep under the same guardian stars. They are conscious together of the subduing spell of nightfall and the quickening joy of daybreak. The master shares his evening meal with his hungry companion, and feels the soft, moist lips caressing the palm of his hand as they close over the morsel of bread. In the gray dawn he is roused from his bivouac by the gentle stir of a warm, sweet breath over his sleeping face, and looks up into the eyes of his faithful fellow-traveler, ready and waiting for the toil of the day. Surely, unless he is a pagan and an unbeliever, by whatever name he calls upon his God, he will thank Him for this voiceless sympathy, this dumb affection, and his morning prayer will embrace a double blessing—God bless us both, and keep our feet from falling and our souls from death! And then, through the keen morning air, the swift hoofs beat their spirited music along the road, keeping time to the pulsing of two hearts that are moved with the same eager desire—to conquer space, to devour distance, to attain the goal of the journey."

HORSES OF THE STATE CONSTABULARY

Cruelty to Animals

A LETTER appeared recently in the *Boston Herald* describing a series of exercises through which the mounted officers were putting their horses. They were spoken of as "for the most part exciting and all right." One, however, the riding of a horse through a flaming arch, the writer of the letter, after telling how the burning flame of the arch finally fell upon the horse and rider, says, "I consider not only unnecessary but cruel and brutalizing." Upon reading the letter we wrote at once to General Foote, sending him the clipping. Numerous complaints have come to the Society because of the letter. Before quoting from him we should say that we have found the State Police ready always to co-operate with us in our work and many times voluntarily calling our attention to cases that needed investigation.

General Foote says:

"Replying to your letter of September 15, I will say that an animal is in no safer hands in this world than the hands of the State Police. These men just naturally love horses. "The matter referred to in the article is this—the State Police are going to exhibit in horsemanship at both the Eastern States Exhibition and at the Brockton Fair. Among other things that we are going to do, we have a squad of about eight men who are going to demonstrate what might be termed trick riding (not rough riding). . . . It is proposed then to wind up with a little ten-minute exhibition by a spectacular feature that has been used for years. It is used nearly every day in the United States Cavalry and used in all mounted organizations where something not difficult but spectacular is desired. There is a large hoop, probably about ten feet in diameter, set about fifteen inches off the ground. This hoop is made of pipe. It is lightly wrapped with a strip of burlap and then a small drizzle of kerosene tracked around it usually with a squirt oil can. At the proper moment the attendant touches a match to the hoop and the squad in column of troopers jump through the hoop. As a matter of fact there is not much fire—the

iron pipe is cold and absorbs most of the heat which comes from the flame. There is so little heat that a man on foot can stand right near the hoop and step through it. The riders as they jump through it feel practically no heat. As I said above, this is only spectacular, but not difficult. Very naturally the first time horses are asked to do this, if they have any spirit whatsoever, they have to be coaxed before they will try, but, as you know, horses have to be coaxed to induce them to try many things. . . .

"Referring specifically to the occasion as written about, Captain Beaupre himself was riding a very high-spirited horse. The horse might have done just as he did do if the hoop had not been on fire, or if he was asked to jump a rail or a ditch. The horse was notional and just simply didn't want to jump. This horse which Captain Beaupre was riding made a half-hearted jump and somehow or other hooked on to the arrangement and knocked it down. The horse received no burning or injury of any kind.

"I have gone into this matter at length in order to show you that we would not consider doing the thing at all if there was any cruelty involved to either animals or men. This thing has been done over and over again and, as I said above, is not difficult but is spectacular and makes a fine ending to any trick riding event."

ANIMALS SAVED IN MIAMI

FRIENDS of Mrs. A. J. Myers, president of the Humane Society of Miami, Florida, will be glad to learn that all of the animals in the Society's Shelter were saved during the recent disaster there. An officer of the Society writes that although one part of the Shelter was three feet under water and the building was toppled over, there were no animals in it at the time. Mrs. Myers is still ill, but was successful in preventing a dog race with a live rabbit on Labor Day. Already she is planning to rebuild the Society's Animal Shelter in Miami, an enterprise in which she should receive the hearty co-operation of all friends of animals.

"Open thy mouth for the dumb"



HERSCHEL ISLAND HUSKY, ONE OF THE TYPE OF SLED DOGS USED IN ALASKA ESPECIALLY IN THE ARCTIC COUNTRY. THEY OFTEN WEIGH 100 POUNDS

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1926

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

WHEN scientific men talk about 45 million years, "more or less," we are quite confident a few millions make little difference. Of course it would never do to say 44 millions. However, if you are going to guess, it's as well to guess in large numbers. Professor Loomis of Amherst has written a book on the Horse in which, according to the report we have seen, it is said that "the history of the horse is probably the most completely known of any of the animals." He traces it back 45,000,000 years, "more or less," when its far off ancestor was no larger than a fox terrier, with four toes on its front feet and three on its hind feet. Fortunately all these toes have merged into one during the long period of development. If anything would make a modern horse laugh, we are sure it would be to tell him some of these things about his ancestors.

"I WAS IN PRISON"

AND the words give no indication whether the visited prisoner was innocent or guilty. If guilty, perhaps all the more need of a friendly visit. Into the Iowa State Prison, we are told, an inmate, expert in the care of canaries, introduced a number of them. The prisoners became interested; one after another asked for one as a companion or pet. Now about a hundred have their own birds and care for them in their cells. The prison officials are encouraging the idea because of its thoroughly wholesome influence over the inmates. Quite likely the canaries, so largely imported into this country, would for the most part perish, if released, and many discourage their importation and confinement, but if by their companionship and song they can minister to the prisoner and awaken thoughts of kindness and affection, who shall say they are not serving their day and generation better than some of us? Mr. Angell loved his pet canary and found great satisfaction in its response to his affection and care. He often made the statement that few prisoners had ever been known in their childhood to have any animal to care for to which they could become attached.

MAN is the only animal that can remain on friendly terms with the victims he intends to eat until he eats them." SAMUEL BUTLER

THE BIBLE AND THE ANIMALS

WE often wonder why the Bible, and especially the New Testament, has so little to say with regard to animals' claims upon us for just and kind treatment. Perhaps this question has never been better answered than by the late Newton M. Mann of Omaha:

"The sacrificial ceremonies, in which Mosaicism centered, tended to harden the hearts of the people toward the animal world. For century after century the temple, right in the midst of the Holy City, and its most frequented spot, was a place of butchery, streaming with the blood, and vocal with moans of dying creatures. The theory of sacrifice is inimical to any feeling of tenderness, or even of justice toward the lower creation, in that it enjoins as a religious duty the turning over of the penalties of one's sins to be endured by innocent sheep and cattle; and this theory was dominant through all the period of Bible history. Christianity was powerfully affected by this influence; and when it broke away from Jewish traditions and went out into the Roman world, it found an atmosphere even less conducive to a spirit of sympathy with the brute creation. The Romans in this respect were the most unfeeling of men. Not only were bloody sacrifices a part of their religion, they were a part, and the principal part, of their sports as well. No wonder, then, that the teaching of kindness to animals was absent from the Christian preaching of the first centuries."

A SUGGESTION FROM BALTIMORE

A LETTER from Maryland tells of a fine service rendered by the Animal Refuge of Baltimore and which might well be followed in other cities and towns.

The Refuge distributed this year through the Children's Playground Association 100 drinking pans for stray animals. At each playground where these pans were given out, a "special story teller" spoke to the children and explained that the pans were for stray animals and were to be placed either on their front pavements or at the back gates.

Ladies visited the children who had taken pans to see they kept them filled. Each child who kept her pan filled during the two months received a badge with "Award for Kindness" on it. Next year the Refuge hopes to do it on a bigger scale.

The Children's Playground was delighted to co-operate with the Animal Refuge Association.

DO YOU SEE THE DIFFERENCE?

IN his statement in the press as Secretary of the League for the Prevention of Cruel Sports, Henry B. Amos uses the following telling illustration:

"Suppose anyone were to go into his back garden and with his terrier worry a neighbor's cat; he would be sent to prison for a month or more for cruelty. But suppose this same person joined a party of 50 or 100 others on horseback and, with from 30 to 50 dogs kept for the purpose, chased a fox for two or three hours, and finally, when the poor animal was dead-beat and found even his 'earth' blocked against him, worried him to death, the hunter would not only get off scot-free, but it would be said of him he was engaged in a 'noble' sport. Now, why should the greater crime go unpunished?"

BERNARD SHAW

THE most of us doubtless know that Shaw is a vegetarian. He is also known as an outspoken friend of animals and opposed to all forms of cruelty. With his tolerance, perhaps, we are not so familiar. The following, from J. C. Collis, might well be laid to heart by not a few humanitarians. This is what Collis says:

Shaw "wages unceasing war against cruelty and sport—but he does not see the sportsman as a villain (as Ruskin did), rather he protests that he is no worse than himself and that none of the sportsmen he has met are ferocious, while all the humanitarians he has met are ferocious." There is plenty of truth, though little poetry, in this clever remark.

THE DYNAMOMETER

THIS device now takes the place at fairs and other exhibitions of the heavily loaded stone boat by which the pulling strength of horses, mules, and oxen has been so often tested. It is so constructed that it measures scientifically the sustained pulling capacity of the draft animals hitched to it. According to the conditions of the test it is said "whips and cussings" are eliminated, and the degree of co-operation between the driver and his team disclosed. The chief value of the dynamometer, we are told, lies in the gathering of data on the relation between form and function in draft horses. This data will give breeders of draft horses invaluable information in conducting their breeding operations; and, in time, will conclusively demonstrate the superiority of a definite type and breed adapted for long and arduous draft work.

ON THEIR WAY TO PRISON

THERE arrived in Boston one day last month on their way to captivity for the rest of their lives 20 camels, 40 monkeys, five Victoria pigeons, three cassowaries, one cheetah, one leopard, one sun bear, and five white peacocks. The journey covered six weeks from Africa to Hamburg and two weeks from Hamburg to Boston. It was a pitiful sight to one whose imagination let him into the sad experience through which these unhappy captives had passed since caught and carried away from what had been to them their natural home. And now they are here in this supposedly civilized land to be commercialized by their owners and to amuse those in whose minds the whole wretched business awakens no thought either of sadness or compassion.

TO THE CREDIT OF ROME

THIS ancient city has done a remarkable thing: it has turned over to its Society for the Protection of Animals the slaughtering of all animals sent to the local slaughter-houses for home consumption. Agents of the Society have been exclusively appointed for the task, and a humane killer is used, thus instant and painless death being the result. Of course the number of animals is not large compared with that of those killed in the great abattoirs of our country where thousands are slaughtered daily. If animals are to be killed for food, all civilized lands will yet see the justice of the demand that our present cruel methods involving such needless suffering be wholly reformed.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
FRED'K M. STEARNS, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

JOHN R. MACOMBER, *President of Harris, Forbes and Company*
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CHARLES E. ROGERSON, *President of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company*

Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Regent 6100
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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston
MRS. EDITH W. CLARKE, *President*
MRS. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, *Vice-President*
MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, *Treasurer*
MISS HELEN W. POTTER, *Secretary*

MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers	9,023
Cases investigated	569
Animals examined	3,326
Number of prosecutions	32
Number of convictions	23
Horses taken from work	76
Horses humanely put to sleep	68
Small animals humanely put to sleep	968
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	24,789
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	50

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during September of \$125 from the C. I. T. fund; \$100 from Hon. W. A. G.; \$50 from a friend; and \$25 each from Mr. and Mrs. J. V. B., Mrs. H. G. B., E. R. T., and J. L.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mary Ann Wood of Northboro, and Lydia D. Woodbury of Beverly.

October 5, 1926.

NEARLY 30,000 HORSES WATERED

THE free watering stations for horses were maintained by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. on the streets of Boston from July 1 to September 25, inclusive. The total number of horses watered at the five stations during this period was 29,861. The thanks of the Society are hereby extended to those friends whose generous gifts made possible this service.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

Advice for sick and injured animals.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	803	Cases	1,989
Dogs	580	Dogs	1,653
Cats	195	Cats	314
Horses	21	Birds	14
Birds	4	Horses	4
Sheep	2	Goats	2
Squirrel	1	Duck	1
		Squirrel	1
Operations	467		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	59,580		
Free Dispensary cases	93,780		
Total	153,360		

HUMANE CALENDAR FOR 1927

THE new Humane Calendar, for 1927, will soon be ready for distribution. It is similar to calendars of preceding years, except that the picture will be in black and white. The leaves of the pad contain humane suggestions appropriate to each month. Many humane societies have found the calendar to be a profitable means of publicity. The price is the same as last season: single copies, 20 cents; two for 35 cents; \$1.80 per dozen, post-paid.

Name of society, list of officers, etc., if desired, will be printed on card of calendar when ordered in lots of one hundred or more, at these prices: \$16 for 100; \$28 for 200; \$38 for 300; \$60 for 500; plus cost of transportation. Orders for special printing should be placed at once. Address, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

AUXILIARY FAIR, NOVEMBER 9

\$25 Poster Prize Among Features of Annual Bazaar at Mass. S. P. C. A.

Among the features at the annual Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to be held all day, Tuesday, November 9, at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, will be the awarding of a \$25 cash prize for the poster receiving the most votes. The subject of the poster must relate to the work of the Society. The closing date is November 6. Further information as to the contest may be obtained by addressing Mrs. Mary M. Richmond, Canton Avenue, Readville, Mass.

Sales tables at the Fair will be in charge of various members as follows: white elephant, Mrs. Agnes Fisher; candy, Mrs. Charles Rowley; utility, Mrs. H. F. Woodward; food, Mrs. E. H. Woods; Junior Auxiliary, Mrs. Mary M. Richmond, Miss Dorothy Murfitt and Ruth B. Lyman. There will also be an apron table, cafeteria, and bridge.

Contributions of saleable articles, or of cash, are solicited, and should be addressed to Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. The proceeds will be devoted to the work of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

FIRST STEPS IN "PREPAREDNESS"

IT all took place in one of Boston's suburbs. His boyish brain was fired with an irresistible passion to kill something—anything. He had been given a brand-new Christmas air rifle and so with pocket full of double Bs he sallied forth to satisfy that impulse to slay, perchance to maim, that is likely to come to the one into whose hands is put a powerful weapon.

He was fourteen years old and a crack shot, and this was the result of his morning's revelry with the new air rifle: with his first shot he killed a sparrow that had just found its breakfast; the next was well aimed at the family cat on the veranda and sent her to cover in a paroxysm of pain. Number three went true and the poor old dog with a howl of agony took to his heels to nurse a bullet wound in solitude. Another shot and another little bird was no more.

At this point in the orgy a milk team turned a near-by corner and the boy with the air rifle next took a shot at the horse. Stung by the bullet and maddened by the pain, the horse bolted and snorted and could only be brought to a standstill with great difficulty by his driver. And then the driver himself, incensed at the boy with the rifle, started after the young culprit for the purpose of chastising him. But the boy was not to be caught. He was prepared. Taking quick aim at the man, he fired and fled. The milkman was taken to the hospital for treatment, with a bullet deeply embedded over one of his eyes, but the boy escaped perhaps to repeat another series of tragedies with his Christmas air rifle.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
FRED'K M. STEARNS, *Treasurer*
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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

George B. Duff Australia
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F. W. Dieterich China
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder Cuba
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Mrs. Marie C. S. Houghton Madeira
J. A. Forbes New Zealand
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Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

"IN MANY FOREIGN FIELDS—A CALL FOR HELP"

THIS is the title of a very enlightening paper, written by Miss Georgiana Kendall, that was presented at the annual humane convention in Portland, Oregon, last August. It is a résumé of humane education work in progress in North Africa, Spain, Cuba, India, Mexico, Palestine, Turkey, South America, China, Syria, and Bulgaria. It has been published in a twelve-page pamphlet by the American Humane Education Society, Boston, which will send a copy free to any interested to write for it.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

EDWIN S. MILLER

THE humane societies of this country have lost, in the death of Edwin S. Miller, of Buffalo, New York, which occurred September 20, one of their strongest and most unselfish friends. Mr. Miller, president of the Keystone Manufacturing Company of that city, and recognized as among Buffalo's leading business men, had given his services gratuitously for years to the Erie County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as its president. His valuable time was never too valuable to keep him from giving personal attention to the interests of the organization—a personal attention which has done so much to secure its place and prominence in the life of the city. His name and his official relation to the Society have meant strength, influence, and financial support to it from the first.

And Mr. Miller was not only a business man who everywhere commanded the high regard of his fellows; he possessed as well those elements of character that won the warm affection of those who knew him as a friend. To those of us who knew him in this relationship his death has brought a keen and lasting sorrow. He died in the prime of life and when we needed him most. He was a member of the National Committee on Slaughter-house Reform, and no member of that Committee had striven harder to hasten the day of humane methods in the destruction of our food animals. To the Erie County Society and to those bound to him by the sacred ties of home we give our sincerest sympathy.

ANGELL PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

HOW it would rejoice the heart of Geo. T. Angell if he could know, seventeen years after his demise, that in places as far away as Constantinople his name is being perpetuated in connection with humane oratorical contests!

Last May six young men at Robert College, of almost as many different nationalities, competed in an Angell Prize Speaking Contest, by reciting such gems as Bryant's "Robert of Lincoln," Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale," "Governor Baxter's Defense of 'Garry,'" etc. Three prizes were awarded. This is one result of Mrs. Alice W. Manning's enthusiastic humane education work which is extending far beyond the borders of Turkey.

HUMANE CHART IN SCHOOLS

WITH permission of the authorities in Denver, Colorado, the Humane Educational League of that city will place a humane wall chart in every school-room in Denver, thus reaching 30,000 children. The chart, 22 x 28 inches, shows attractive pictures of domestic animals, and under a large heading WARNING gives the laws of Colorado for animal and bird protection. It also gives the law requiring that two lessons each week be given on humane treatment to animals, and a long list of brief points for children to remember. Various medals are offered for those holding the best records of service and kindness to animals.

The presence of this chart in the school-room must serve as a constant reminder to the teacher of her duty in regard to the subject, to say nothing of its good effect upon the pupils.

Have your animals cause for thanksgiving?

HUMANE NEEDS IN KOREA

FROM Mrs. Thomas Hobbs, honorary secretary of the Korea S. P. C. A. at Seoul, we have received this account of the splendid work being attempted and of the need for financial help:

Our Society was started two years ago, at which time the first water trough was erected. There are now seven troughs. Very little was done last year, as I was on furlough. We are all voluntary workers. I returned last December and have been trying to get the Society on a good working basis. A good deal of the suffering of our dumb friends is through ignorance. The Korean driver is not at heart a cruel man, but he has never been educated along these lines. We are endeavoring to carry out a plan to educate the school children, young people and coolies. We have been given permission to lecture to the police cadets and students in some of the schools. The authorities favor our work and help us all they can. We want to get some literature translated and into the hands of the people.

After a good deal of effort we have started an inspector with the full permission of the police. He has been at work barely a month. I will quote from a report: "Visited all the water troughs every morning, and where the water was not sufficient had it attended to. Admonished several coolies about over-loading and working horses and oxen in unfit condition. Attended to horses which had fallen down exhausted by the heat and overwork. Called on four veterinary surgeons, explained the objects of the Society, and got them interested in its aims. Visited the chicken market, where chickens are plucked before they are killed, and insisted on the suffering birds being killed before being plucked. Visited the important police stations and introduced myself to the chiefs."

These are only a few of the things in his report. There is a great need for this work, and I hope in time we may have more than one inspector.

At our annual meeting this month I am going to present a budget for \$750. We have about 200 members on our books, and the annual dues are \$1, but it is not easy to collect all the dues. We cannot hope to get in more than \$150 from this source. The balance will have to be raised in some other way. Korea is not like Japan where there are many business firms from whom donations can be secured. However, I believe people will give when they see the work being done. It is difficult to meet our obligations, and we should be very grateful if any lovers of animals in America would come to our help. The inspector's salary is \$25 a month to start with, but it ought to be increased. Some members of our committee would agree only to his employment for three months, fearing that we shall be unable to pay him. We must keep on.

Hoping that you will be able to do something to help us, and with best wishes for your work.

We shall be glad to forward to Mrs. Hobbs any contributions for this work that may be sent in care of *Our Dumb Animals*.

AT the Kentucky State Fair literature obtained from the American Humane Education Society was distributed from a booth in charge of the Animal Rescue League of Louisville. Many visitors stopped, admired the display, and endorsed the work of the League.

THE TERROR FROM THE SKY

THOUGH the following is a longer paper than we usually like to use, it is of such great significance that we reproduce it through the courtesy of *The Relay* of Wellesley, Mass.:

There were assembled at Hendon last Saturday some of the most deadly destructive agencies yet devised. The Vickers Vimy and the Handley Page Hyderabads, which were droning round the sky in a reliability trial while the other items were taking place, can each carry enough explosives to devastate a small town. They will not carry the old high explosive bomb of last year. High explosive for such purposes is on the way to being obsolete. Their cargoes will consist of hydrogen arsenide or dichlorethyl sulphide.

High explosive is heavy to carry and strictly local in its effects. But liquids that turn into gas, or solids that turn into smoke, are weapons against which no defense has yet been found. Chemical compounds are available which will inflict great burning wounds as well as penetrate gas masks to choke and destroy. What hopes does any one cherish of putting the whole population—old and young, men, women and children alike—into acid-proof overalls and respirators? Of what use to get into tubes or cellars or dugouts to escape a gas which is odorless and invisible, which, being heavier than air, spreads and sinks, and will poison a whole tract of country for weeks?

"This is true enough," it may be objected, "but it is a telling argument for Great Britain securing and maintaining complete aerial preponderance. We must have a formidable Air Force to defend us."

It is a vain hope. The prospect of successful defense against aerial attack gets less and less. Single-seater fighters, like the Siskin, Grebe, Gamecock, and Snipe, which delighted the hearts of the Hendon spectators during the luncheon interval by exhibitions of almost incredible speed and adaptability for manoeuvre, may be able to shoot down the slow-moving, heavy-laden bombers at their leisure—during the day. But who is going to be so foolish as to send these vulnerable aerial battleships over in daylight?

The modern bombing strategy is simple and effective. Night has fallen and a threatened city lies palpitating with fear. Without warning a flock of swiftly traveling machines with silenced engines drop like plummets from the sky and have escaped into the darkness again before searchlights have time to come into action. A few minutes later and sheets of flames leap from the incendiary bombs which they have dropped in their meteoric swoop. Gone is all hope of concealment, and the would-be darkened city becomes a lighted target visible over a hundred miles away. Other squadrons attack gasometers, electric power stations, railway junctions and termini, and the flaming city is surrounded by a cordon of fire and ruin.

Then come acids, gases and poisons dropping from the pitiless skies. Fighters will battle with fighters in the heights, while bombers move relentlessly on their errand of death. Long before dawn breaks, great tracts will have been reduced to smouldering, poisoned ruins, while the streets are choked with the dying and the dead.

That school of thought which talks of doing battle with Capitalism should bear the lesson in mind. The "reddest" of cities might be reduced to submission by a few flights of

bombers aided by low-flying machines, which traverse the streets at nearly one hundred and fifty miles an hour, spraying death in the form of explosive bullets from machine guns. The machinery and equipment are in the hands of the ruling class, the aerodromes are in their territory. For war, whether external or internal, the aeroplane is incomparably the most powerful weapon yet devised.

And yet, with this power with which man bids fair to destroy himself, he could span continents, bridge the seven seas, break down barriers of race, language and climate, and lay the foundations of a world family. Time and distance might be annihilated, and the world become one. Only Man is the obstacle to Man's happiness.

SIDNEY B. M. POTTER
(lately Flight-Lieutenant, R.A.F.)
The New Leader (London)
July 9, 1926

CATS' LIFE IN CHINA

A. O. STOTT

CATS in China have a much better time on the whole than dogs because they are used as guards for the domestic homestead. They work hard for their living and they are extraordinary fighters. Chained to the ancestral outer gateway, these large, fierce-looking animals are enough to scare anyone away who has "small spirit," i. e., lack of courage.

The Chinese have the greatest respect and admiration for cats, and in common with most of the world regard them with a superstitious belief. Luck, good or ill, is brought by certain cats, and he of the black shining coat is also in the East a most desirable possession. But in China the "tiger heart," i. e., an orange-colored or striped cat, is even more in request, especially as a guard to the dwelling.

There is one article of diet which the Oriental pussy must forego—milk. The Chinese do not have it except in Westernized places, so their cats must be content with other food. Bird life is so abundant that, alas! many fall victims to these rapacious hunters, and the only respite is when the cats are chained. Although in poverty-stricken areas in North China and during local famine, I have known of cats being killed and eaten for food, it is by no means a universal custom, especially in the South. There the people regard the practice as repellent, though dog flesh is freely consumed and puppies are pur-

chased at every country market to be reared for human consumption.

There are three very noticeable features about Chinese cats, which have always struck me during long and close acquaintance with specimens of every sort.

First, their vocal powers are simply indescribable. No cat in the Occident could compete with its eastern cousins. Whether showing pleasure or expressing disapproval, Pussy's purring powers and raucous voice are such that amidst all the loud orchestra of the tropics, few animals can beat the cat. It is a contribution to life which all who have experienced can never forget in the East.

Secondly, Chinese cats seldom keep themselves as clean as ours in the West. Whether the strange indifference to personal cleanliness as manifested in some countries produces an effect on pussy is hard to say. Anyhow, I have always noticed that even the most carefully looked after cats in China have a curiously disheveled appearance. Their fur is thinner and much coarser and they fail in showing any pride in keeping themselves clean.

Thirdly, owing to the fact that they are seldom or never made companions, their nature is fierce and treacherous. There is no dependence ever to be placed on a Chinese cat in one way, though it guards your front door and attacks all strangers relentlessly. Again and again I tried to woo various members of the feline family in China and in every case I would receive dangerous bites and deep scratches in return.

The people in my province in southeast China so valued and feared their cats that when dead they were never buried. The body was hung up in trees or on bridges to "bring good luck" to the immediate neighborhood. I can certainly affirm that it brought me the most painful recollections as to its insanitary and disgusting results. Yet so conservative and fixed was the Chinese mind that I was powerless to argue or persuade the people to give up this custom. They declared "the dead cat if buried would curse the ground, and it was a law handed down by their ancestors whose wisdom dare not be questioned nor disregarded."

IN dealing with ourselves, after we have let the ape and tiger die, there remains the donkey, a more intractable and enduring animal."

BISHOP CREIGHTON



"PATSEY"—
TWENTY-YEAR-OLD
CAT

PATSEY came as a small, starved, rough-looking kitten twenty years ago last spring, to the home of John R. Forgie, a director of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., in Dorchester. After a little care the animal grew into a nice large cat and for all this time has been one of Mr. Forgie's family. He is now in good health, looks fine, and gives promise of being with his kind owners for a long time to come.

A PRISONED LARK

ERDA LANG

*BUT yesterday you sang your song of joy,
Aloft on wings which bore you to the sky,
Today you languish, killed in soul, a toy.
Your gay heart dead, your silvern voice a sigh:
The music that you trilled to all the world,
Dropped jewel by jewel and treasured gem by
gem,
When from the earth you rose, your wings un-
furled,
Your soul ecstatic, was your diadem;
Crown of a sweet bird's sweets, your poignant
song,
Sung in the azure of a summer morn,
Soaring in swelling volume sweet and strong.
Was for the worship of Creation born:
You sang of all that grateful hearts adore,
Oh! sing no more, poor soul, Oh! sing no more.*

ENGLISH BILL TO PROTECT BIRDS

THE strongest wild birds' protection bill which has been introduced in the British House of Lords aims not only at the man who traps or shoots birds, but at the collector who seeks rare specimens, says *The London News*.

It prohibits the use of any mechanically propelled boat or aircraft for the killing or taking of birds. Sunday bird-catching (save for the protection of property or crops) is also prohibited. Any person who seeks to capture a bird for sale alive must hold a certificate to be granted by the Chief of Police of the district.

The nests and eggs of protected birds must not be disturbed wilfully, except in cases which occur in the ordinary course of farming or forestry operations. It is also to be an offense to sell or possess a bird, or the skin or plumage of a bird, or an egg or nest taken in contravention of this section. For scientific or other special purposes the Government may grant a special license.

Among the birds specially protected at all times are some of the rarer species, including the bittern, the chough, eagle (all species), falcon (all species), Kentish plover, owl (except Little owl), raven and woodpecker. Those to be protected during the close season include the crane, kingfisher, lapwing, the nightingale, and the swan.



ALASKAN RED SQUIRREL

Photographed after two hours of patient coaxing

The Ceremonious Flicker

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author

NOT long ago, I witnessed about as curious a sight as you will see anywhere in the bird world. Two flickers were perched near the top of a tall telephone pole. They were sitting so that their heads, necks, and breasts extended above the top of the pole. Occasionally, the birds, a pair they were, uttered their "wick-ie" notes, at the same time bowing politely and swinging the upper parts of their bodies from side to side. When one swung his head to the north, the other swung hers to the south, and so on. There they sat, first resting, then bowing, quivering, and wagging their heads from side to side. They continued doing this as long as I watched them. A few days later, I saw a similar performance, by another pair, only these birds were sitting on an oak stump.

It was at the height of the flicker mating season and the singular performances no doubt had to do with flicker courtship and mating. And flickers, like humans, seem to like a good deal of ceremony at such times.

The common flicker is a large bird a little over a foot long, with a scarlet patch on the back of the head. It may be easily identified by the large dark crescent on its breast, the large white patch on its rump, and the golden-yellow lining of its wings and tail. The flicker is known by a large number of different names. It is called the high-hole, the clape, yellow-hammer, golden-winged woodpecker, and yarrup. I have read statements to the effect that this bird is known by more than thirty common names throughout its range.

Since the flicker is a woodpecker, it nests in holes in trees. These it laboriously makes for itself, scattering the chips hewed from the tree to the four winds. The ground beneath such a tree is pretty sure to be covered with white chips, telling all that a woodpecker has recently excavated a home.

The flicker, oftener than any other woodpecker, is to be seen on the ground. There is a very good reason for this habit. The flicker lives to a large extent on ants. Stomach examinations have shown that about fifty per cent of its food consists of ants. You have no doubt noticed that when a flicker is on the ground it often hammers at the earth. It is then trying to locate an ant's nest. After locating a nest, it drills in the earth until the ants become greatly excited, running up and down, in and out, straight into the trap the flicker has prepared for them. When there are enough ants within reach, the flicker lowers his head and licks them up with his sticky tongue. One source of supply exhausted, the bird moves on and locates another.

Two years ago, ants were very numerous about our yard. The flickers knew all about this. Each day a pair of the birds visited the yard for a hearty meal or two. Once after the birds had visited the yard, I went out, carefully examined the ground, and found more than a score of fresh holes made by the birds.

Flickers in destroying ants do a very valuable piece of work. Ants often become nuisances about our homes, especially when they get into the pantry. But ants are a nuisance in another way. They have much to do with the spread of that troublesome garden and farm pest known as the aphid, or plant

louse. There are many species of plant lice. Most plants are infested with their own particular species. Aphids often destroy cucumber, melon, and other plants, besides injuring others. I have seen acres of muskmelons entirely destroyed by them. Trees become infested with them. Plants show by their curled leaves that they are in the grip of this mortal enemy. Aphids are also known as



YOUNG FLICKERS, NEARLY FULL GROWN

ants' cows, since the ants secure a transparent fluid from them known as honey-dew. Ants store the eggs of aphids in their nests and otherwise care for and spread these pests. So in destroying ants, flickers indirectly war on the troublesome aphids.

The flicker's most common note is his "cut, cut, cut, cut," or "cuh, cuh, cuh, cuh." This is to be heard almost any place, whether in the country or city, during the spring of the year. Then, too, the flicker often beats a lively tattoo on the resonant branches of trees.

THE CARDINAL AND HIS LOVE

CLARA HOOD RUGEL

*I SAW them go, two rosy streaks of flame,
Fired through the thickets' undergrowth of
green.*

*Then from afar I heard him call her name,
"You dear, you dear, dearest I've ever seen."*

*And then he perched so near my cottage porch,
Triumphantly he called this time, "My dear,"
His head held high, a crinkled crested torch,
Entreatingly he coaxed, "Build here, build
here."*

*She came. Against her breast were wisps of
moss,*

*And as he sat and sang, "Dear, dear, my dear,"
Instinctively she wove her nest across
Two twigs. Then softly called to him, "Stay
near."*

A REFUGE FOR THE WILD

The following review of "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" a book by Dallas Lore Sharp, published by Harper & Brothers at \$2.50, which appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor* will, we are sure, interest many of our readers:

Is it the passing of beloved nature writers like John Burroughs and great naturalists like John Muir that makes the number of nature books less, or is it that the "cult of nature" has become so familiar as to be an old story? Dallas Lore Sharp, at any rate, to the pleasure of his readers, continues to write about wild life. From the tone of his latest book, "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" it is quite clear that Professor Sharp thinks that the cult of nature still needs to be taught. Every one of its thirteen chapters reiterates the theme of conservation of wild life.

Not a single new form of life has developed on the earth since the Pleistocene period; many forms have perished. The passenger pigeon, the Labrador duck, the Pallas cormorant, the great auk, the Eskimo curlew, the Carolina parakeet, are only a few of the birds, to mention a single division of the animal kingdom, that have become extinct within the memory of living men.

To come to his own State, Massachusetts has seen the passing away in the last fifty years of the last Canada lynx within her borders, the last gray wolf, black bear, moose, elk, wild turkey, whooping crane, sandhill crane and black-throated bunting. Streams dammed for manufactories no longer contain fish, plants become extinct, rivers dry up, foxes disappear, Bob-white, one of the most indefatigable devourers of pestilential seeds and insects, needs sanctuary and needs it now. Some good legislation we owe to sportsmen, but all over America Mr. Sharp sees a useless slaughter of wild life going on. "The sportsman who feeds and kills a covey of quail is not so good a conservator of birds as one who feeds them and lets them live."

Nevertheless, Mr. Sharp is able to report progress of a sort, tardy and infinitesimal, but hopeful. He tells the story of the sanctuary for sea birds established in 1907 on Three Arch Rocks, off the coast of Oregon. This is a thrilling tale of the first trip made to those steep, harborless rocks by two youths, Finley and Bohlman, who had chanced to hear of the rookeries there, spent fourteen perilous nights and days on one of the crags, and came back with pictures that made Roosevelt pound his desk and say, "We'll make a sanctuary out of Three Arch Rocks."

All who are acquainted with Mr. Sharp's essays, and that must be all nature-lovers and many lovers of crisp writing besides, know that this book is more than an argument in behalf of the saving of wild life. It is propaganda, of course; Mr. Sharp has something that he wants the public to do, and do quickly. But, besides being a nature-lover, Mr. Sharp is a lover of good English; incidentally a teacher of English. These are charming essays into which he has put his personality, his whimsies and his most beguiling manner of speech, above all, his enthusiasms.

MONEY VALUE OF BIRDS

BIRDS are nature's check on insect life. By controlling the increase of certain insects they prevent the destruction of plant life, and without plant life, animal life—including that of man—would be impossible upon the earth.

Each species of bird has its special office. One cares for the leaves and twigs of the trees; another guards the trunk and limbs from attack; still others hunt upon the ground, seeking their prey beneath the fallen leaves and loose soil.

The stomach of one "Bob-white" quail has been found to contain more than 100 potato beetles.

THE VALUE OF KINDNESS

L. M. WESTON

ONE windy afternoon, a woman, with her two children, sat in a light buggy in front of the village store, waiting for her husband to make some purchases. The horse, usually, stood without hitching, and although the woman held the reins, she did not know how to drive, and had no idea the horse would move until her husband told him to go.

Suddenly the wind blew a newspaper along the road and frightened the animal, and he started to run. One or two men grasped the situation, rushed up and snatched at the bridle, but the big, powerful beast shook them off in a twinkling and increased his speed.

Although terrified, the woman still held the reins and pulled as hard as she could, but her puny strength had no effect upon the hard mouth of the horse. Finally it occurred to her to speak to him. Although she did not drive, she was very fond of horses and had often fed and watered this one. "Who-a John," she called in a trembling voice. The effect was magical. The animal slowed down immediately. He associated that voice with kindness, knew its owner could be trusted, and, when she spoke again, he stopped.

"Just the art of being kind is all this sad world needs," sang Ella Wheeler Wilcox, but alas! sometimes it appears to be a lost art, although there is no limit to its power. Abraham Lincoln probably owed his elevation to the presidency of the United States to the fact that he was a past master in the art of being kind, and so won the allegiance of his fellow-men. Kindness, when unalloyed by fear or self seeking, is a godlike attribute, and, consciously or unconsciously, is recognized as such throughout the universe.

BE KIND to dumb animals. The same power that made mankind also made them, and that power certainly intended that man, "the lord of all creation," should treat them humanely. So have a thought and a heart.

—Pueblo, Col., Indicator



THE FOSTER MOTHER

WHY DON'T WE HELP?

FLORENCE JONES HADLEY

I SAT at my window one cold winter day, watching a flock of tiny brown birds hunting their dinner—or very likely it was breakfast—for food was pretty scarce then.

The little fellows flew from one tall weed to another, from one bush to another, hunting for some tiny seed or dry red berry that might have been left from some former breakfasts.

Sometimes a berry was found, dropped in the snow, and it was greedily picked up, and I shivered as I thought of the icy morsel going down the warm little throats. My own breakfast had been warm, still I grumbled a bit because the coffee was not quite hot enough. But the tiny feathered luncher never grumbled—just twittered his thanks for every seed, every berry found.

At last there seemed to be not a seed or berry left, and away they all flew to see what could be found elsewhere. Such a scanty meal divided among so many was not very satisfying, you know.

I felt a throb of pity as I watched them in their search, then something said to me, "Why didn't you help them, instead of wasting your time pitying them? Why didn't you?"

"Help them? But what can I do to help?" was my first thought. Then I knew. I decided that every day I would save the crumbs that always gather on table and dishes—every meat scrap, everything that a bird can eat with a relish.

This I did, and with it I served a nice piece of suet for dessert, hanging it by a stout string to a limb of a tree near by. Another day I hung a small bone with a good serving of meat on it, and it is a question as to whether the birds that found it or I who had given it to them, enjoyed it the most.

Such a twittering, such a scrambling from one side to the other as there was! I wished with all my heart that I could understand bird language so I could know just what they were saying. From crumbs to meat, from meat to crumbs they flew, until at last the meal was consumed and away they flew with happy twitters.

The next morning there was a surprise for me. For there were not only the birds who came for breakfast yesterday, but nearly as many again, and as I watched, they still came from all directions. I almost held my breath in amazement.

Where did the others come from? How did they know about the food put out for them? Surely, surely there must have been some way of communication between them, for it just did not happen, but how can they tell one another of such things?

Well, I really got myself into deep waters, for as I increased my food allowance, just so often did the little diners come for it. And sometimes it puzzled me how to feed so many, but at last I dipped down into my corn chops, my kaffir corn, which they seemed to like very much, and more bones had to be kept ready. And now I know what I am going to do next year.

I am going to save all the melon seeds that we have, dry them thoroughly and put them away for the birds' dinners and breakfasts. Many kinds of seeds can be used this way.

Let's all do it. Let's all save seeds, crumbs, scraps of bread, meat, from our tables, and scatter them, like seeds of kindness, where they will do good. I am going to—will you?

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and ten new Bands of Mercy were reported in September. Of these, 84 were in schools of Rhode Island; 12 in schools of Delaware; five in schools of Virginia; three in schools of Maine; two in Massachusetts; and one each in New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri and Washington.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 157,057

HELPING HORSES AT CHRISTMAS

M. F. L.

IT is the custom of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. to furnish every Christmas a treat for horses and also to give blankets to owners who are poor and not likely to be able to provide them. About fifty of the pupils of the public school at Wyncote, Montgomery County, Pa., are organized in a Band of Mercy. Hearing of the practice of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., they decided to help. They collected among themselves and wherever they could, sometimes in very small sums, the sum of \$18 and sent it with the following letter:

Wyncote Public School,
Wyncote, Pa., December 18, 1925

Women's S. P. C. A.,
916 Spruce Street
Philadelphia

Dear Friends:—

The Band of Mercy of the Wyncote Public School is enclosing a check for \$18 for the animals' Christmas.

We wish you and all the animals a very Merry Christmas.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) ROBERT GAY

Is not this an example which Bands of Mercy everywhere might follow, giving the Christmas treat to the animals themselves if there is no channel already established through which it can be done?

A HEALTHY GROWTH

THE Delaware County Humane Society of Muncie, Indiana, increased the list of members of its Junior branch from 5,000 to more than 9,000 last year. This work is under the able direction of Mrs. Zula M. Valentine, secretary. The Society has recently subscribed for 100 copies of *Our Dumb Animals* to be placed in the schools of Muncie.

COMPASSION for animals is intimately connected with goodness of character, and it may be confidently asserted that he who is cruel to living creatures cannot be a good man."
SCHOPENHAUER



WINDOW EXHIBITION OF ST. JOSEPH AND BUCHANAN COUNTY HUMANE SOCIETY AT ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

A SHINING DEED

WE are glad to reprint from the *Observer*, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., an editorial which appeared under the above title:

Now and again, some man or woman lives who has the very spirit of St. Francis in their understanding love for animals; their sense of justice for dumb creatures. There is such a woman in Bergen County; and because the effects of her good deeds are to be felt in the borough, we feel it just and fitting to give her credit for what she has done.

We refer to Mrs. Andreae, of Maywood, N. J., the staunchest and most untiring of friends to hapless dumb animals. What has Mrs. Andreae done? For nearly fifteen years she has made her house the unofficial dog-pound; she has made it a shelter for friendless cats; she has befriended whatever animal stood in need of a friend. There were no shelters for the animals; she shared her own with them. She did a far greater thing. For she enlisted the aid of the children, taught them justice and mercy to all God's creatures, held them together in an active, living "Band of Mercy." Without regard to race, creed, or social status, Mrs. Andreae has seen in every child nothing but a potential friend to animals; some of her boys are exactly the type to be cruel and destructive if left untaught. Mrs. Andreae realizes the dignity of the human being.

Now, at last, Maywood, N. J., has municipal kennels; and the "Band of Mercy" boys of Maywood prepare the animals' food and keep their quarters clean. They are in no danger from any of the animals for the reason that they have been taught how to handle them; how to be humane with even a dangerous animal, and also how to protect themselves.

Now many of us think that we love animals, especially dogs, and we all have un-

bounded admiration for a dog's nobility of character. But mighty few of us are willing to give any dog except our own the physical care that is required, especially when they are "dogs picked up on the streets." Well, the "Band of Mercy" boys of Maywood, under the direction of the dog warden and under the auspices of the local S. P. C. A., are going to keep the municipal kennels of Hasbrouck Heights clean; they are going to see that the kennels are fit for a dog—maybe your dog—to stay in. They will see to it that food and drinking vessels are in sanitary condition. It is the humblest of tasks and the reward is mostly a sense of having done what is right. But if teaching children to do a humane thing because it is right is not a shining deed, will you tell us what to call it? Very likely these boys and girls never heard of St. Francis. But they are kindred to his spirit, none the less. All honor to Mrs. Andreae and her "Band of Mercy" boys and girls!

LAUGHTER

ADOLF HOTLEN

DON'T check the childhood laughter—

Deny not youth their fun;

Encourage freedom after

Some task is neatly done.

Still not the joyous clamor,

For child life knows no half.

Would we their hearts enamour,

Then let the kiddies laugh.

Too soon their mirth will sadden

As ripening years creep in;

No rippling roll shall gladden

Our ears—no childish din.

So while we still may hearken

To merriment and chaff,

Let not our moods them darken—

Just let the kiddies laugh.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

KING GEORGE V AND THE RABBIT

WE are indebted to the *Christian Science Monitor* for the story of "Wilfred," a rabbit belonging to two children in Yorkshire, England. The brother wanted to sell his half of the rabbit, but the sister objected and told the King about it. The King thereupon sent his equerry to the brother and bought half the rabbit for a ten-shilling note, turning his share over to the sister so she could claim all the animal.

The rabbit has become for the moment quite the most famous animal in the world. The amount of cable tolls incurred in its behalf, as evidenced by the reports coming back to England from America, would have set up a home for all the aged bunnies in the world. The modest and unassuming conduct of the rabbit, in spite of his sudden world notoriety, is so refreshing in these days of press agents and puffs, that a contributor to the *Manchester Guardian* has felt impelled to break into the following verse over the incident:

WILFRED

THE rabbit Wilfred, once unknown, is
 Today the most renowned of conies!
 He's been caught up, no little thing,
 Within the orbit of the King,
 And he alone of all his peers
 Can interest two hemispheres!
 Has rabbit e'er inspired—no less—
 A leader in the New York press?
 But Wilfred's done the trick, 'tis flat,
 And he a "Britisher" at that!
 Nor does he, while his praises spread,
 Display a trace of swollen head.
 No, Wilfred—theme of journalists—
 With modesty unchanged exists,
 And calmly, spite of all his fame,
 Nibbles his lettuce just the same!
 And we may draw from this disclosure
 A needed lesson in composure:
 Ah, would that we, my friends, might share
 This modest, unassuming air
 If, raised aloft in one swift flight,
 We soared to Wilfred's giddy height!

TAD LINCOLN'S TURKEY

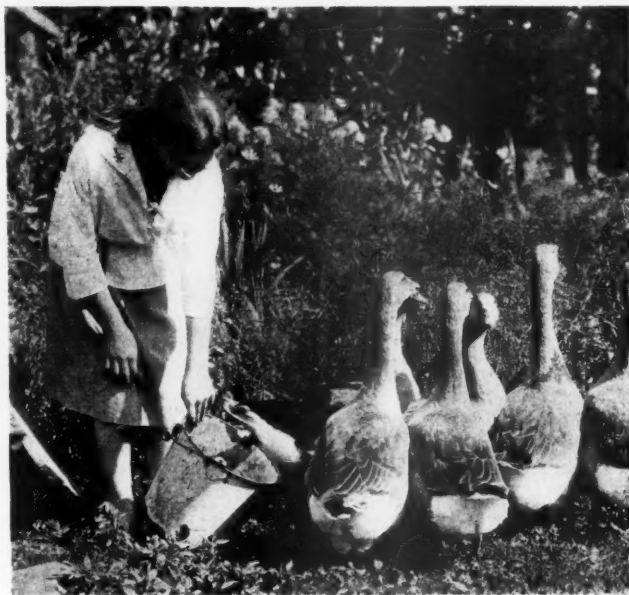
ONE year, a few weeks before Thanksgiving, a friend sent a fine live turkey to the White House, with the request that it be served for President Lincoln's dinner. Tad, the President's son, who was the life of the White House, took a great fancy to the bird, naming it "Jack," and feeding and petting it. He even taught it to follow him about.

Just before Thanksgiving, while the President was discussing important business with a cabinet officer, Tad rushed into the room, sobbing with anger. The turkey was about to be killed! And Tad had flown to the President to lay the case before him and save Jack.

"But," said the President, "Jack was sent here to be killed and eaten."

"I can't help it," blubbered Tad, between sobs. "He is a good turkey, and I don't want him killed!"

The President of the United States listened gravely, and then taking a card wrote an order of reprieve. Tad, seizing the card, rushed away. And the turkey's life was saved.



THE GOOSE GIRL

YOUNG SAMPSON, THE WOODCHUCK

CLARA NEWHALL FOGG

ONE of Maine's strongest woodchucks lives in the little town of Bowdoinham, where he thrives on apples of choice vintage, stored in the cellar of a Pleasant Street home. The owner, Miss Caroline Kendall, authority on Japan and its customs, does not desire woodchuck guests, for her apples are the best in the village. But young "Sampson," so christened by his friends, is a companionable soul, given to prowls by night and chatty calls by day.

He has discovered a secret passage from the outside world to the cellar storehouse and in spite of precautions, has made much headway in the apple barrels. Although obliged to surmount many difficulties before he makes a meal, nothing hinders him in the end. He can push aside heavy weights, take covers from barrels, and then inside the barrel can reach down with greedy paws and pull out the juiciest fruit. Always he leaves bits of gnawed apples, so his trail is easy to trace. The other night he proved his strength in almost unbelievable fashion.

The best fruit had been covered with a heavy zinc washtub, one that would be hard for anyone to lift without help. When, in company with a neighbor woman, the owner investigated her cellar next morning, she found the zinc tub had been lifted from the barrel and tipped over on one side. Then, apparently, young Sampson had jumped in, removed the layer of sacking, paper and wood from the apples, and helped himself in generous fashion. Six apples had been gnawed and left in the barrel.

Always friendly to woodchucks and their curious ways, Miss Kendall has now solved the problem by leaving each night a few of her inferior apples in a basket near the cellar door. So young Sampson seeks no more the port of entry to the "Forbidden Land."

PROTESTS BUFFALO MASSACRE

"Pawnee Bill" Calls on Sportsmen to Stop Proposed Hunt on Antelope Island

LOVERS of animals everywhere, including real sportsmen, are stirred up over the announcement that the herd of 350 buffaloes kept on Antelope Island, in Great Salt Lake, are to be hunted and shot down in cold blood until only twenty of them remain. The herd is owned by A. H. Leonard of Fort Pierre, South Dakota, who has invited the country's most famous hunters to participate in the slaughter early in November.

These buffaloes grew up on the Island, where, until now, they have been unmolested. They are the animals that were photographed in the moving picture, "The Covered Wagon."

We are glad to publish the following letter, addressed to the editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, received from Major G. W. Lillie ("Pawnee Bill"), Pawnee, Oklahoma:

Dear Sir:

From my earliest recollection I never saw a buffalo robe or a mounted buffalo head that I did not feel that it should not have been killed. Many millions were killed just for their hides and the delicious meat was left to the wolves and vultures. In the early '70's there were fully 50,000,000 buffalo roaming our western plains, then the commercial hunters came, killing them only for their hides, \$2 each. In a few short years the buffalo herds were annihilated. As early as '72 the ruthless slaughter, which was then taking place, aroused our western congressmen to action. Delegate McCormack, of Arizona, and Senator Cole of California introduced a bill in Congress to protect the buffalo, but lack of interest by the eastern members prevented it from passing. It was not until 1906, when I, through the good offices of Hon. B. S. McGuire, congressman from Oklahoma, got a bill passed setting aside the Timber Preserve in the Wichita Mountains of Oklahoma, that any concerted sentiment and effort was put forth to protect and preserve the buffalo. Our success was due largely to the good offices of the press of all the large cities in the country, without which the buffalo would now be entirely extinct.

Now comes an invitation to me to attend what is called the LAST GREAT BUFFALO HUNT, at which 300 of as fine specimens of the American buffalo as I have ever seen are to be slaughtered by rich men who call themselves sportsmen and have the money to pay. This is to take place on Antelope Island in the Great Salt Lake of Utah, this fall. How a modern and up-to-date city like Salt Lake City can sit idly by and allow such an outrage at her very doors is something I cannot understand.

Will the multitude of American sportsmen, who match their skill against the cunning and wariness of wild game, permit the butchering of tame buffalo with bullets of gold?

I protest, and ask every red-blooded sportsman to take hold and save the few remaining buffalo. Years ago fifty million were slaughtered and wasted to our everlasting disgrace. We must not heap more shame on ourselves by killing, for pay, the few buffalo we have left.

Sincerely yours

(Signed) G. W. LILLIE (PAWNEE BILL)
Pawnee, Oklahoma

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.

"METO" AND I

A true story

FLORENCE THOMPSON HOLLAMAN

METO" was a drab-colored parrot with scrawny gray plumage and a red tail; a scraggy sordid bird to the casual observer, but to me, ah—he was my priceless feathered pal.

When I was a small lad my uncle had brought Meto from Africa in a queer wooden cage, made out of barrel staves and wires by the prisoners there. He presented the bird to me as a gift. It was a wonderful gift for a small boy, a tiny baby parrot, a small handful of fluffy down. Not another boy in our neighborhood ever hoped to own a live chirpy parrot.

Uncle clipped Meto's mud-colored wings and he was allowed to play in the garden with me all day. What a gay time we had, Meto perching saucily on the wire fence, cocking his long beak jauntily skyward and screeching at me all day! How happy we were, Meto learning to chatter, following me doggedly around in the shady garden until Mother would call me in for dinner and Meto would shriek shrilly, "Come to dinner, Buddy."

We grew up together, Meto and I, only I grew tall and husky and my feathered pal grew only a few inches. He soon learned to call us by our names, seldom if ever mistaking the one for the other. As we came home from town, Meto would shriek, "Hello," calling by name whoever it was. He would crawl up and down the stairs, calling my name, hiding until I found him; as though we were playing hide and seek. During the hot summer seasons Father usually moved the family to the seashore. Along came Meto with us, traveling contentedly with "Joe," my dog. Once I remember I was very ill. The house was unusually quiet and the doctor came often to see me. I was much too sick to notice Meto, but Mother said he acted very forlorn and dull, wandering up and down the stairway, calling me ever so often. One morning my bedroom door was accidentally left ajar and Meto crawled into my room and perched upon my bed. The nurse at once thrust him hurriedly out into the hallway. After that he hung listlessly around my door, day after day, until I was able to sit up and he was allowed into my room.

During the great World War I enlisted as soon as I was old enough, and I was billeted while in training in my home town. As the barracks were not far from home, I was often allowed home with a pass. As soon as I entered the house, Meto would recognize me, calling piercingly, "Hello, Buddy." What a great fuss he did make, thrusting his long sharp beak into my cupped hand; scurrying to and fro in his cage, waiting for me to procure from the pantry a dainty morsel to celebrate my home coming! As soon as I left for the barracks again he was very stupid, hanging listlessly around his cage, mutely refusing the proffered meals. Whenever I was lucky enough to get a pass, I would go home again to visit the family, and my feathered friend would call to me ever so saucily, perking his beady eyes while waiting for the dainty morsel. Eventually I was sent away to the front and I did not get home for a long time. Mother wrote to say that Meto had died about one month after I had left the city. They had found him in a feathered heap in the bottom of the cage—a drab, lifeless bird who had died from being separated from his lifelong chum.

PHOEBES ENJOY GIRLS' CAMP

THIS unusual incident was reported to Edward Howe Forbush, director of ornithology in Massachusetts, by an observer. At a Girls' Camp last summer two families of phoebes were reared inside two of the camp cabins. Nesting began before camp opened and the birds stayed through the season while six lively girls lived under the same roof. The birds came and went and fed their young within six feet of the beds where the girls slept. Probably they knew that the girls were harmless.

FIT ONLY FOR THE LAW

THERE was a certain prominent physician who had a serious operation to perform on one of his patients," said the farmer. "During the operation the physician became rather nervous and excited, and instead of removing the membrane he was after, accidentally took out the man's conscience."

Here the farmer stopped.

The lawyer inquired, "Well, what became of the patient? Did he get well?"

"Oh, yes," replied the farmer, "but having his conscience taken out he was not fit for anything else, so he studied law."—*Judge.*

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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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Checks and other payments may be sent to FRED'K M. STEARNS, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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